Volume LXXII CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 26, 1914 Number 26

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Ten Commandments for Citizens

1. Thou shalt love thy country which has redeemed thee from tyranny and bondage.
2. Thou shalt not worship any political idols, nor bow down to them, nor serve them for their iniquity will be visited upon thy children unto the third and fourth generation.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of patriotism in vain nor use it as a cloak to hide thy selfish motives.
4. Remember the day of election to keep it holy.
5. Honor the sanctity of the ballot that the days of the republic may be prolonged.
6. Thou shalt not kill the spirit of freedom by neglecting to exercise thy prerogative as a free man.
7. Thou shalt not adulterate the purity of civic life by entering politics for gain.
8. Thou shalt not encourage public servants to steal by thy indifference.
9. Thou shalt not let greed for political rewards bear false witness against thy patriotism.
10. Thou shalt not covet a public office which thou art not fit to fill. —*Rabbi Eichler.*

FREEMAN'S OATH 1634

I do solemnly bind myself that I will give my vote and suffrance as I shall judge in my own conscience may best conduce to the public weal so help me God.

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1914. NUMBER 26.

We will obey all the laws of our country faithfully, so far as they are consistent with what we believe to be the Law of God; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, we will oppose them, not with violence, but deliberately and loyally.

Adapted from John Ruskin's Pledge of the Guild of St. George.

It was a happy coincident which gave the audience of "new citizens" and the friends assembled to welcome them at the Auditorium last Sunday afternoon, a chance to hear President Lowell of Harvard College, who was in the city attending a Harvard alumni meeting. His words were as timely to the old as to the new voters, to the women as to the men. From the standpoint of a citizen he told the audience: "I am not so much interested in rights, still less in privileges; I am more interested in duties. Our government is what we make it and the responsibility is with us."

Chicago's welcome to the new voters, referred to in another note, reached its climax when at the close a large flag back of the stage was lowered, those on the stage and the large audience arose, and the presiding judge read the following portion of the legal oath of allegiance which he had administered to so many of them individually, and the audience responded:

"We solemnly swear that we will support and defend the constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and we will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; so help us God!"

On our front page we print the "Ten Commandments for citizens," by Rabbi Eichler, used at such new voters' meetings in Boston, and the old "Freeman's Oath," which dates back to 1634, which Edward Everett Hale used to administer with such impressiveness.

In accordance with the custom of many years, the senior editor of UNITY starts this week on a lecture tour through the Southland, on his annual escape from Chicago weather and work. He goes, not because he is sick, but because the arrangements have been made on the hypothesis that he might be. His lecturing will cover a wide circuit, reaching from Louisville, Kentucky, through Alabama, Louisiana, to Oklahoma and Arizona. Meanwhile the work will go on at the UNITY office and the Abraham Lincoln Centre as usual. Unless otherwise indicated, the editorial notes in UNITY during his absence will be written by the skillful and generous hand of our colleague, Joseph F. Newton of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. There may be some "Editorial Wanderings" reported, and there may not. In any case, editor and reader will enjoy the same close fellowship that the years have woven about them, the fellowship of a common cause, a common interest in ideals and in the common task of ameliorating the dogmatism of the creeds, the selfishness of partisan politics and the brutalities of war.

Before this issue will have reached our readers, the city of Chicago will have passed through another "Primary Election," which as arranged at present is a serious handicap, a studied obstacle, in the way of higher politics. The law is so framed as to make independency difficult and inefficient, and partisanship almost a necessity,—"the best thing that can be done under the circumstances." No one can vote at a primary in Illinois without declaring his party, which is putting a premium on lying, for if the bottom truth is told, there is an ever increasing multitude who have no "party," and this multitude represents the most patriotic members of society. Once having declared a "party," voters are precluded from the privilege of exercising the high right of petition in calling out an independent candidate, and so far as the primary election is concerned, they are committed for two years, during which time, under the law, they are not supposed to change their minds. The wise voter will keep out of such primaries and work for the time when independency and nomination by petition will be the easier, if not the only thing to do, in local elections.

There is a high note from academic sources for which the country has anxiously waited, in a leaflet issued by the Hyde Park Protective Association bearing the imprint of the Chicago Law and Order League. The three classes who are the least active in the movement against lawlessness, are reported as being, (1) indifferent college men, (2) easy going church people, (3) comfortable married women. UNITY has already called attention to the work of Mr. Joseph Burt, an alumnus of Oberlin College, who in this direction is doing valiant service in arousing college societies and such fraternal orders as the Masons, Odd Fellows, etc., in an active campaign against vice, gambling in lodge rooms and among college students. In this category might be mentioned the still more insidious, lamentable and disgraceful bridge-whist indulgences of the over-fed, lazy women who pull down the blinds in mid-day to "kill time," and at the same time kill

something more valuable than time,—the longing for the ideal, the thirst for righteousness and the sensitive conscience. The greatest menace to American life comes from the blighting indulgence of the favored, rather than the biting passions of the less favored children of grinding toil, mental ignorance and stultifying poverty.

Norman Hapgood, the editor of *Harper's Weekly,* was in Chicago last week and had a chance to talk about local politics to several private clubs. It is a pity that his words could not have reached the ears of the new voters gathered at the Auditorium last Sunday, spoken of in another note. He twitted on facts painful to the Chicago citizen. He said, as reported in the newspaper:

"Chicago has not had an ideal mayor in recent years. What a ridiculous travesty on democracy! As I run back over the last few years in my mind I can't recall one mayor of your city that I believe was fitted and big enough for the position."

He further said:

"Chicago should get together and place a man fitted for the position on the non-partisan ticket. Let the man be the important feature and thus eliminate the influence of the political machines in city government."

He dared to ask pertinently, "Have you any real dominant figure down at Springfield that you are proud of?" All this is sadly true, but it hurts to have a New York man come and tell this to the city of Chicago, particularly when Chicago has so long comforted itself with the reflection that it "is not so bad as New York." It will indeed be a humiliation when Chicago must confess that it must needs go to New York for political ideals and examples of municipal purity in administration. This New York man dared prescribe for the Chicago political malady. He said:

"Chicago should gather together right away a committee of representative citizens such as the Anti-Tammany Committee of One Hundred and Seven. We placed a few well-known names on the committee—'scenery' we called them—got into the limelight, and then commenced our work. Mr. Mitchel was our candidate for mayor, selected by the committee, of which I was chairman.

"If Chicago will select such a committee I have no doubt but that the people will wake up as they have in New York. There is no excuse for political machines and party labels in cities like Chicago, as city machines are but feeders to national political organizations. There should be no relation between the city and national political parties.

"In 1916 the political parties will be engaged in a race to see which is the most progressive. The United States is progressive, and we are getting away from the old idea of Republicans 'sassing' Democrats and Democrats 'sassing' Republicans, and getting down to the ordinary things of life."

The event of the week in Chicago public life was the "New Citizen Welcome" at the Auditorium on last Sunday afternoon. Out of the 4,700 foreigners naturalized in Chicago since July 1, 1913, the newspapers estimate that 2,200 of them were assembled at the meeting. There was an impressive prelude of moving pictures, showing the early landmarks of the Revolution, some of the triumphs of early pioneering and the scenic wonders of the western world. There was impressive music. The great audience joined in singing national airs, listened to high appeals, and joined again in the oath of allegiance administered by Judge Clarence N. Goodwin, the chairman of the meeting, who had previously presided at the legal naturalization. The address of the occasion was delivered by Louis F. Post, Asistant Secretary of the Department of Labor, who came from Washington. He, as was to be expected, lifted the patriot above the partisan and the true democrat above the patriot. It was a plea for the principles back of the flag and for brotherhood back of all nationalism. Mary McDowell and Dr. E. G. Hirsch urged the claims of democracy in a way that received hearty response from the vast audience. It was evident that the corrupting elements in the city of Chicago will not find active leadership and efficient degradation at the hands of the newly made voters, men or women. It may seem ungracious to suggest a criticism on an affair so well managed, so impressive and so commendable; but it was to be regretted that the man with the sword, the brass buttons and brilliant equipage of war, should have occupied so conspicuous a place in the fore-front of the stage, and that the school children or the representatives of education and other civic and pacific forces, should not have been more impressively represented. Doubtless this defect will in the future be corrected. The republic was not founded by the sword, albeit the birth was attended with battle throes. The speakers unconsciously forgot the militant element in the story because the Declaration of Independence and the achievements of brain as represented by Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, the Adamses and others, and the triumphs of George Washington as a civilian, so occupied the front of the stage in the minds of the intelligent. This event we trust will become an annual feature of the civic piety of Chicago, and in one way or another it ought to be multiplied over the land.

Lincoln Centre Farm

The editor of UNITY can keep no secrets from his readers. Indeed, the secret is out long ago. The possibility of establishing a fresh-water extension of the Lincoln Centre has for a long time been a dream near to the heart of a little band of men and women who are brought into immediate contact with the smaller boys and girls who haunt the vestibules and halls of Lincoln Centre during the winter; whose play-grounds are the streets and alleys where their bodies escape the ever surging tides of automobiles only to have their young souls menaced by the greater danger of the crap-shooting, cigarette smoking, and the pestilence which moves with noiseless feet through the dirty alleys; while both bodies and souls are endangered by the microbes that lodge in unnumbered colonies in the

dim, dismal, dirty, stench-laden tenements of a great city.

When, over three years ago, the appeal of the wan and dirty-faced urchins, the sweet but sometimes neglected schoolboys and girls, became irresistible, these same men and women went out in search of some bit of clean water under a clean sky; they found that every bit of attractive water-side, all the winsome banks of lake or river within a hundred miles of Chicago, had been already pre-empted by the favored, and were utilized as "summer resorts" and homes of millionaires and their week-end visitors. But the memory of the senior editor of UNITY reached back to the time when, in his Janesville pastorate, he used to take his Sunday School in bus-loads eight miles across the rolling prairies to picnic on the banks of Clear Lake, a beautiful bowl-full of water measuring about one hundred acres, as round as an "O" and clear as crystal, with low, shaded banks and shallow shores; a little gem set round with water lilies. This bit of water has been too small to attract the millionaire, and too righteously surrounded to become a resort for bums and topers, for all the country round is "dry," the nearest chance of getting a stein of beer being eight miles away.

So the experiment was tried. Through the co-operation of the Milton residents at that end and of generous friends at this, groups of little children, about thirty each in number, properly chaperoned, were sent up for two weeks of delight, four such groups being handled each year. This proved such a sensible move, so unquestionably a profitable thing to do, that it became imperative, the small beginning called for growth, demanded permanence and compelled forethought.

Last summer, through the generosity of two Chicago women, nearly half the lake with land along its shore was purchased at a cost of $6,000. There are perhaps twenty-five acres of beautifully rolling land, with, possibly, as many more acres of water. It is in the glacier region with a subsoil of gravel which reaches down into perpetual streams of pure water such as have made Waukesha famous.

When the land was bought there was one poor building on the ground, the relict of a disastrous hotel venture. The children so far have lived in tents and taken their meals in the abandoned "hotel." This possession, clear of debt, calls for enterprise and improvement. The old house has been wrecked and from it a goodly pile of old material is ready for new uses.

At this point a legal perplexity intervened. An Illinois corporation "for profit," organized to make shovels, can do business in Wisconsin without violating the law; but an Illinois corporation "not for pecuniary profit," seeking to save souls and bodies and manufacture character, cannot do business in Wisconsin unless chartered in the state. So it became necessary to give the Abraham Lincoln Centre legal existence in Wisconsin, and last week the senior editor with two associates went up into the state of Wisconsin to perfect the legal incorporation. According to the requirements of the law three resident incorporators were found, in the venerable and venerated Ex-Gov. W. D. Hoard, founder of that great dairy paper, *Hoard's Dairyman*, W. D. James, president of the James Manufacturing Company, and Mary Pettibone Jones, daughter of Milo Jones of the famous Jones Dairy Farm Products Company, all of Fort Atkinson, which lies within twelve miles of the water side.

On Tuesday, February 7, "ye editor" in the afternoon addressed the High School of Fort Atkinson, and also the employes of the James Manufacturing Company, and lectured in the Congregational Church in the evening, taking for his subject "The Call of the City." The lecture had a Lincoln Farm appendix. The thrifty little burg showed itself to be alive with sympathy for, and interest in, the new movement.

The next day the legal matters were attended to, and then the Illinois delegation, accompanied by Mr. James, visited the ice-bound lake, lovely in its snow mantle, discussed sites, studied plans, and consulted with the near-at-hand friends.

This is about the present status: The land all paid for; a pile of second-hand lumber on the ground; numberless waiting children; kind hearts and capable hands in Chicago to manage things, a most cordial neighborhood to welcome us, located within a mile and a half of Milton Junction with an energetic committee at Fort Atkinson.

The minimum requirements for this year are: A barn; a caretaker's house; a summer kitchen and dining-room with quarters for help; open-air shacks as sleeping quarters for the children; and, when the big heart of someone is moved adequately, one mother's cottage, weather proof, for winter, with two or three sleeping rooms and the necessary housekeeping equipment, to which the convalescent mother, the sick babe, or the invalid father, can flee at any time for a short rest and recuperation; where they can keep house at a minimum expense, which, when necessary, their all-benevolent friends can provide. None of these will come except as the money is provided, for this scheme, like all Lincoln Centre schemes, will materialize as fast as there is money in sight to pay for it, and no faster. The plans for all these buildings have been drawn and carefully considered and are now in the hands of Mr. James and the architectural department of his great farm supply industry for execution.

To realize these plans is the next problem. The barn is assured by subscriptions of $300 each made by A. C. Bartlett and LaVerne Noyes, two Chicago

"agriculturists," who are more interested in human "kids" than in Guernsey calves. In addition to that, Mr. W. D. James promises to donate all the equipment of this barn at a cost in the neighborhood of $500.

W. D. Hoard passed over his check for $500 with expert advice of great value and a benediction of great tenderness, realizing, as he said, "I will not pass this way again."

The committee at once resolved that this money should be invested along the line of the Governor's suggestion and wisdom in stocking the barn with cows which will furnish the children with an "unlimited" supply of milk, at the same time teaching some of them for the first time the real source of that liquid. It also seemed to be the consensus of Fort Atkinson expert dairy wisdom that such a beginning might easily develop into a self-supporting plant in the course of a few years.

Other contributions to our building fund have been $100 from Mr. L. A. Goddard, president of the Chicago State Bank, $500 from two sympathetic sisters, readers of UNITY, but unknown to any of the workers at the Centre, accompanied with the words, "We note in UNITY the good work you are doing for the children in Wisconsin at Clear Lake, and we hope this will help." Previous to that, two children of old Janesville parishioners, sent their $50. As yet all subscriptions have been spontaneous, unsolicited, but we feel sure that there are other friends not of the Lincoln Centre household, "Up State," "Down State," and "Out of the State," who will want to join in this gracious work. We have the assurance of the word and the spirit that such co-operation will be forthcoming in generous measure. We want to complete the buildings named above this spring. We have roads to make and fences to construct. The land must be tilled, the garden planted and apple trees set out. We want to begin with a minimum of four cows. We want a good span of horses, harnesses, wagons, hoes, rakes, milking-tools and hens.

Who wants to join? How many will help? The city owes much to the country, but the country has a debt to pay to the city. Read in another column an important appeal from Mrs. L. M. Smith, printed from advance sheets of the Abraham Lincoln Centre Annual, and if you are moved by the spirit send your check to the editor of UNITY, who, in the name of the children, will bless you.

Very cordially yours in his own right and in the singular number. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

There are several bands of the Persian fat-tailed sheep on the national forests of southern Utah. The large fat tail sometimes weighs as much as forty pounds, and, like the hump on the camel, is a reserve supply of nourishment when food is lacking.

A Summer at Clear Lake

On the seventh of last July, for the third time, the Camp was opened at Clear Lake, Wisconsin, and was visited during the season by about 120 children from Lincoln Centre.

As you all know, the ground, which heretofore was leased, had become the possession of Lincoln Centre; the property was transferred too late for any extensive changes to be made, so with a few necessary repairs to the old buildings, the Camp was continued as in the previous years through July and August.

The children went and came every two weeks, in groups of about thirty, again carried free of charge by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. Mr. Conrad acted as superintendent and he with a High School boy as assistant, and a housekeeper and her helper indoors, made up the working force. Miss Zellman accompanied the girls during their month's outing.

It was attempted, this year, to make the children feel themselves a useful part of the camp life, by giving them a small share in the work. After each meal the girls took their turn helping in the kitchen, while the boys were called on for outside chores.

The mornings were often spent in long walks, the objective points usually being some farm, where the children might become familiar with the activities of the country. In the afternoon the pleasures of the lake claimed them; while many an evening sped all too quickly, as seated in a great circle round a roaring camp-fire they toasted marshmallows, sang songs and told stories.

One of the very pleasant things Lincoln Centre has experienced in becoming a landowner at Clear Lake is the kindly welcome accorded by the neighborhood; this has been shown in many ways, but particularly by a large gathering of friends held there one Sunday afternoon, at which Mr. Jones spoke to sympathetic listeners of the future of the Lincoln Centre Farm.

Now, what of our hopes and necessities? A house is needed where a practical farmer can live the year around; and a building for summer use that shall contain dining hall, kitchen and store rooms; also a building containing an assembly room with a wide fireplace, round which the children may gather on stormy days, with perhaps rooms above for those in charge; sleeping places that shall admit all the fresh air possible without the disadvantages of a tent on windy nights. And lastly, a windmill. Surely that is a necessity on any farm judged by the frequency with which these tall structures cut the Wisconsin sky-line. Of course there must be cows to furnish pure milk, and chickens,—and really, if they are well bred they should be housed; a horse and the usual implements to be found on a well equipped farm.

On a rise of ground, a little apart it is hoped also to build a Mothers' Cottage where those who have waged a losing fight against the hardness of life may be sent for rest and recuperation.

Viewed on the practical side the project looks to the development of a model farm, which shall aim at profitable results. On its ethical and educational side the possibilities are limitless.

MARY P. SMITH.

THE PULPIT

The Eternally-Womanly

A Series of Six Sermons

Preached at

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

VI.

Susannah Wesley—The Modern Woman

December 14, 1913

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Quiet, Father, our wayward hearts, calm our feverish pulse, help us O Thou Infinite Presence to stay our haste, to allay the ambitions that so burn, to put aside the prejudices and passions that so excite, that we may rest in the thought of things enduring, that we may concentrate our minds on things that last, that we may conserve our strength for things worth while.

Father, clear our vision that we may see that only those things are worth while which deal with permanent life, only those things are worth while which serve thy children, which lift them into communion with Thee and harmony with one another.

Help us Father, to catch with our senses the higher notes of the spirit, to detect with our earthly ears the Heavenly song "Peace on earth and good will among men." Guide us into the good wills of men, fill us with good-will toward men, help us, by the light of thy noble ones, to re-dedicate ourselves to the things that make for harmony, for progress, for purity, for helpfulness, for gentleness and love. Amen.

SERMON.

Green, in his "History of the English People," tells us that the Methodist denomination is but a small part of the contribution of Methodism to civilization. Lecky attributes to the work of the Wesleys and their immediate followers the fact that England escaped the tremendous convulsions of revolution and violence which visited France. A notable chapter of Green's calls attention to the condition of things in England at the time of the Wesleys, when the prelates were lax politicians, when the realm was scandalized by absentee rectors. He instances, as a type, a Welsh bishop who laughingly boasted that he had never seen his diocese but once. Hannah Moore tells of visiting a parish in which only one copy of the Bible was to be found, and that was used to prop up a flower-pot. It was a time of vulgarity in speech, slackness in politics and brutality in amusements.

All this in one generation was changed. The tendency was altered and England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales received an impulse that has modified and directed the lives of their people ever since. Methodism, when rightly understood, was not only an ecclesiastical but a civic revolution, as well. It was the yearning of the noble and the intelligent for the betterment of the poor and the unfortunate. It was reaching out the helping hand to the ignorant, the toilers and the wretchedly poor. Out of "this change of front," on the part of the English speaking people, came William Pitt and John Howard, the one to purify and ennoble English politics, the other to clean out the wretched stys in which the unfortunate and the criminal, were confined.

It is not too much to say that the mother of the Wesleys was in a very tender and true sense the Mother of Methodism. If you would measure Susannah Wesley, the subject of our study this morning, you must triangulate her height by Methodism and its achievements.

Susannah Wesley was nobly born and nobly bred; she was as beautiful as she was accomplished; a woman who had attained exceptional learning for those days, knowing Greek and Latin. She was highly endowed with the power of leadership and exercised it in a most benign and heavenly fashion. She was one of twenty-four children from the same parents and was herself the mother of nineteen children. She was the wife of an Episcopal rector, who was impractical and always poor, almost to impecuniousness; still by her thrift and ability she clothed and educated their large family and gave to the world Reverends Samuel, John and Charles Wesley. Samuel grew up within the confines of the Church of England; he accepted its discipline and was apparently satisfied with its teachings. He gained an eminent position in academic circles, became some kind of a tutor or teacher in Oxford, was conspicuous for his learning and much respected; but he died young and left a vacant place in the mother's heart, who had found him a good boy, always near to home and to home needs.

John Wesley became the great organizer of Methodism. He was the preacher, insistent in season and out of season, ever on the road through a long life time, often beginning his preaching at five o'clock in the morning. Through many years he found his congregation at whatever cross-road, under whatever tree, or in front of whatever smithy the people would gather. When word went out that Wesley was to pass that way, no matter what day of the week, or at what hour of the day or night, wireless telegraphy would bring the interested neighbors within reach of his voice. The lowest, the poorest, the most wretched, the most wicked, and eventually the noblest, the purest, the most intelligent and the most consecrated, came and listened and worshiped.

Charles Wesley was the sweet singer of Methodism, the great hymn writer of English protestantism. He probably hymned his spirit more often and tuned his lyre to a greater number of the needs of the human heart than any English hymnist who wrote before or after him. He was gentle, comforting, obedient, not one whit less devoted than his brother John.

These three brothers have left abundant evidence in words and in history that it was the great mother who shaped their thoughts. It was the vigilant and wise mother who inspired their hearts. Aye, it was the prudent and sagacious, and, if I must use the word for want of a simpler one, "philosophic" mother, who kept them within bounds and saved their energies from being devastated by the over-tax of a great enthusiasm.

Susannah and Samuel Wesley, father and mother of these Wesley sons, were the product of non-conforming parents and times. They both came from eminent preaching families, many representatives of which had been excommunicated, at one time or another, from the established order, by virtue of their honesty and intelligence. By the rhythmic swing of the pendulum these descendants had reacted back into the bosom of the church, enriched by the sufferings and sacrifices of their forbears.

We have an abundant literature that lets us into the

inner life of the Wesley family. With all his diligence John was a tireless journalist. His diary is full of details, curious anecdotes and illustrations, which are now made available to all of us. Robert Southey, the poet laureate of his time, gave some of his best ability to the work of writing a life of John Wesley, which is not only a treasure store of Methodism but a classic biography. "The Heart of John Wesley's Journal" has recently been edited by Hugh Price Hughes, a man who has made a place for himself in the pulpit as well as in the literature of England. These books, with the "Appreciation" of the Journal by Augustine Birrell, might be called a moving picture show of the Wesleys and their antecedents.

Susannah Wesley's culture, independence, devotion to her home, contribution to pedagogy, and her piety and devotion to religion, are noteworthy.

These stories will indicate her independence and establish her place as one of the fore-runners of the woman movement. She and her husband disagreed on politics. He believed that Mary was entitled to the crown and read devout prayers for her in the morning devotions. Nearly a year had elapsed before he discovered that his wife did not say "amen" to this prayer, though she was a devout worshipper with him in the other portions of the morning litany. She deemed it becoming in a wife to keep still about her politics but would not pray for a crown wrongly placed, as she thought. Her patriotic but grim husband declared he would not live with a traitorous woman and he mounted his horse and rode away and was gone a year. He stayed away until Queen Mary died, and then he was glad doubtless to escape from his rash declaration and returned to the bosom of his family. John Wesley was the first child born after this reunion.

When the young John haltingly and unwillingly followed the lead of the more fiery Whitfield, the third member of the Methodist trinity, in the unclerical habit of speaking outside of consecrated walls to the multitudes, all proper England was shocked, and his brother Samuel, the academic man of Oxford, was heart-broken, and plead with his mother not to follow the rash steps of brother John. He said: "I have already lost my two dear brothers. I pray that my mother may stay by me." John was then talking to great crowds in Moorfields, which was in the neighborhood of the London mad-house, the name of which was Bedlam. The professor brother said: "I would rather John was gathering straws inside the walls of Bedlam than that he should so humiliate religion by talking in the fields." The mother's answer was to promptly join John's congregation in the field, testifying to her independence.

Here is another story that indicates her, for those days, radical independence, which is most interesting. Samuel the husband seemed to have some kind of an appointment in London which carried him away from home weeks at a time. At such times it was the habit of the mother to conduct family prayers, of course, and on Sunday afternoons she was wont to call all the children and the servants together, and her zeal, knowledge and lively sense of responsibility led her to add comments to the scripture reading and exhortation in connection with the prayers. Her servants talked about it and their parents and neighbors one after another begged the privilege of coming in on Sunday afternoons to hear Madam Wesley expound the scriptures. Her audience grew to the number of two hundred or more. The local curate was greatly scandalized and protested to Father Wesley, who wrote his wife expostulating, as her conduct made her seem "so particular." She wrote him promptly that it was an opportunity she did dare refuse. As she saw it this was in the line of duty, but like the dutiful wife she was, she added: "Do not *ask* me to desist from this responsibility for my conscience will not permit it, but if you *command* me not to, my vows as a wife will compel me to obey." Her husband, to his credit be it said, did not push the matter to that limit. Whether it was an act of discretion or of consideration on his part the record does not show.

May there not be some historical justification for calling Susannah Wesley the first of the women preachers, the fore-runner of those who in our times have vindicated woman's right to prophesy in public. Sex lines are not fundamental but superficial, the great realm of piety and power under-reaches sex divisions and overreaches sex prejudice.

There is another weird story in the annals of the Wesley family that reflects the hard common sense and practical wit of this "daughter of the Lord." Joseph Priestley pronounced the Wesley ghost story to be the best authenticated story of preternatural manifestations in modern times. The Wesleys had a fully developed "spook" in their family which for months disturbed in unexpected ways and places the even tenor of their days. Rappings, rattlings and inexplainable noises were heard. Even at times physical violence in the way of jostling and pounding of different members of the family. But no irresponsible ghost of this kind was allowed to stampede the Wesley household, and what to most families would have become an ominous terror from which to flee, came to be a familiar joke, and the pranks of "Old Jeffrey," as he came to be known, were discussed and even enjoyed by the children. This "spook" remained to the end unexplained. But Madam Wesley pursued with scientific deliberation every avenue of natural explanation available. She had a trumpet blown in every room of the house because that was said to be an efficacious way of scaring away rats or mice that might lie back of the weird "manifestations." She took careful notes and conveyed the same to her academic sons. All through she held that no wayward spirits, embodied or disembodied, would be permitted to interfere with her regular work. Her cooking and sewing and teaching and praying went on uninterrupted. These are but few of the many illustrations that indicate Susannah Wesley's intelligence, independence and modern point of view.

Her thrift and power to provide for this large family from meager resources is a tale which I cannot enter upon, but could I tell the story it would appeal to every woman in this presence. Susannah Wesley gave her son John a careful statement of her pedagogical methods and purposes in bringing up her large and gifted family. He says:

> "The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth; as in dressing, undressing, changing their linen, etc. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep."

Her plan was to bring them to a regular course of sleep, which was at first three hours in the morning

and three in the afternoon; afterward two hours until they needed none at all during the day.

Some of you may doubt my term "modern woman," but one who scoffs at the following is not so modern as she thinks she is:

"When turned a year old (and some before), they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry softly, by which means they escaped abundance of correction they might otherwise have had; and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house; but the family usually lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them.

"As soon as they were grown pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked; and they were suffered to eat and drink (small beer) as much as they would; but not to call for anything. If they wanted aught, they used to whisper to the maid which attended them, who came and spake to me; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork, they were set to our table. They were never suffered to choose their meat, but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family.

"Mornings they had always spoon-meat; sometimes at night. But whatever they had, they were never permitted to eat, at those meals, of more than one thing; and of that sparingly enough. Drinking or eating between meals was never allowed, unless in case of sickness; which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask anything of the servants, when they were at meat; if it was known they did, they were certainly beat, and the servants severely reprimanded."

And so she goes on, through the day, tells at what time they were put to bed and so on. She has some strong methods for this day, but still the psychology of the same I believe is profound:

"In order to form the minds of children the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once; and the sooner the better. For by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which is hardly ever after conquered; and never, without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel, parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond, as in sport to teach their children to do things which, in a while after, they have severely beaten them for doing."

Is not this still a good document on child training? She says:

"Self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children insures their after-wretchedness and irreligion; whatever checks and mortifies it promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we farther consider, that religion is nothing else than the doing the will of God, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self-will, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone.

"The children of this family were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord's prayer, which they were made to say at rising and bedtime constantly.

"They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask even the lowest servant for aught without saying: 'Pray give me such a thing;' and the servant was chid, if she ever let them omit that word. Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing, profaneness, obscenity, rude, ill-bred names were never heard among them. Nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names without the addition of brother and sister."

It was "Brother" Charles and "Sister" Kezzy. You new mothers had better buy this book and study it. She had regular school hours and taught the nineteen children as they came along, herself, and had time to do it, though she did not have an automobile and did, I dare say, a great amount of needle service besides.

Of course calamities came. One time the parsonage burned down. The furniture and library were reduced to ashes, the family barely escaping with their lives. The picture of little John in his night clothes being providentially rescued through a window by an enterprising neighbor, while the father was on his knees pleading at the "throne of grace" for the salvation of his boys, was as familiar in the peasant homes of early Methodists, as are the pictures of Washington and his hatchet, or Lincoln and his ax, in the frontier homes of the United States.

In the exigencies of the situation the children had to be scattered throughout the parish. Relatives took some of them and friends, others, and it was some months before the manse could be rebuilt. She deplored the demoralization that thus came to the children. She laments that they had acquired coarse speech, rude habits and vulgar pronunciation, and how hard it was to restore the good manners, good language and good behavior that was theirs before.

She had a series of "By-Laws" which were observed, and in the "Rules" tells of her pedagogical method in teaching the children to read. They were not bothered about their letters until they were five years old. On that very day, elaborate preparations having been made the day before, the decks were cleared for action. She took the child with her into a room with orders that they were not to be interrupted from nine till twelve, or from two till five in the afternoon. With two exceptions the task was accomplished in one day. Molly and Nancy were less tractible in some way, for it took them a day and a half to acquire their letters. Samuel learned his letters in a few hours, and he no sooner got them than he went right to work with the first chapter of Genesis. The words were spelled carefully and deliberately until the first verse of the sacred page was read and re-read, and very soon the boy had acquired the power of reading the first chapter of Genesis. The thing was done! In view of the Montessori method, in these days, and the marvelous stories coming from Harvard and Leland Stanford universities and elsewhere, we begin to feel, as she did, astonishment that the child can acquire so much in such a short space of time when right methods are used. Her achievements in this direction indicate intelligent initiative that was both striking and masterful.

If you would know Methodism as it bloomed in the Christian heart of John Wesley,—the power that made "gospelers out of blacksmiths and tinkers," as their critics said,—it was only the legitimate fruit of the large mind and devoted consecration of this great woman. Her devotion was as simple, as wholesome, and I wish I might say, as modern, as heart could wish. Was she not truly a "strong-minded" woman,—a term I would always use with respect and never with contempt. It is true that the strong-minded women who have followed in the wake of Susannah Wesley have emulated her intelligence, have practiced her defiance of social convention, have won a place on the platform and in the school-room, but have they lost, or despised, or neglected the higher grace of piety, the tender, crowning blessing of a devout spirit, which permeated all her work and crowned all her teaching?

When John and Charles were in college they formed that little club of young men, three in number at first

and after increased perhaps to a dozen, who met weekly for prayer and conference. The question of asceticism, severe denial applied to the pleasures of life, became a burning one. The father recommended severe habits and a scourging of the spirit almost monastic. The mother sent her advice to John in golden words, which I wish might be illumined and framed and hung up in the room of every college boy and every college girl in America; I wish the preachers, teachers and parents of our land would in all sincerity insist that in them is good psychology and good philosophy as well as good piety, and a working standard that ought to obtain in the fraternity houses of our universities as it obtained in the student chambers of the Wesleys at Oxford. Ameliorating somewhat the severe exactions of the father, she writes:

"Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure, take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your *body* over your *mind*, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

Here she took the part of the higher ethics and the liberal thought in religion.

When the father, Samuel Wesley, was on his deathbed, suffering severe pain, he said to his son John: "The inward witness, my son, the inward witness is the chief credential of Christianity," shifting in that supreme moment away from all the creeds and formalities, forgetting the testimony of the prophets, the disciples, aye, even the Master mind. No Bible text sprang to his lips in that precious moment, but the "inward witness, the inward witness, my son!" This is not only the heart of Methodism, but it is the heart of that higher movement in this country, which was ridiculed under the name of Transcendentalism, and which was the core of Emerson's gospel. It winged the words of Theodore Parker, rounded the sentences of William Ellery Channing. It led the battalions that fought to free the slave. "The inward witness!" This is the last court of appeal, beyond which no human mind has a right to intrude. Not what *I* think, young man, of this social habit or that, but what does your own soul say? "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure, take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things." Those are not idle words. In short: "Whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

And again, when the question came to John as to whether he would submit to pressure from without and take early orders before he felt prepared to assume the responsibility, the father warned him against a *cul de sac* ministry. The mother's advice was:

"In good earnest resolve to make religion the business of your life, for after all that is the one thing, that, strictly speaking, is necessary. All things beside are comparatively little to the purposes of life."

She is on the independent line. Once more on the platform of progress.

I wish I might give you more specific indications of the gentle spirit of this strong woman; of the devout sense of dependence in this mightily independent woman; but by this time I think you will realize that gentleness always accompanies real strength. Rudeness and coarseness is of itself evidence of a lack of confidence in one's position and one's own power. The soul that is truly persuaded that it enjoys the confidence of the Eternal, that it is in league with lasting forces, can afford to be generous, knowing that conquering power lies in his gentleness; and knowing also that fairness always means patience with those who differ from him, and a readiness to give them the same credit for the sincerity of their convictions which he claims for himself.

In a ripe old age, seventy-three, I believe, with her children about her, she came quietly to her rest, and her last word was: "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a Psalm of praise to God," and so her children, the two great Fathers of Methodism, John and Charles Wesley among them, waited for the last breath, then they joined in singing a "hymn of praise." A fitting benediction to a life burdened with responsibility but glorified by courage and by cheer. Mother of mothers, a thinker of great independence, so interested in civic affairs, so persistent, a woman leader before her day, a "new woman" before the phrase was invented. So "new" that those who would study her still must regard her not as a historic but as a prophetic character; not something outgrown but something to grow to.

This ends my study of the seven types of women. What a reach is this from that pathetic figure, Rizpah, the rude barbaric mother, with a club beating back the vultures from the dead bodies of her sons as they hung on the gibbet, to this woman so concerned for the spiritual welfare of her children. What a reach is this from Boadicea, the militant Queen who led the crude clans of Britain against the Roman phalanxes, in resentment of insults to her daughter and injury to herself, in an appeal to arms and the rally of hosts bent on slaughter. And how congenial is Susannah Wesley to that comradeship and companionship represented by the great thinking heathen Hypatia, the philosopher who was broken on the wheel in the interest of science. Far more universal are the inspirations of Susannah Wesley than those of the ill-fated but ever adorable Maid of Orleans, who rose above childhood and girlhood into military leadership for the sake of poor down trodden France. She bore the white banner of the Christ, in the interest of a nation her voice was the voice of patriotism; but this wife of a rustic rector carried the banner of Christianity that outreached all existing church limitations, and touched the lives of all nations, and entered into the sweetness and the triumph of a world then unknown, or, if known at all, only as the far boundary of a wild savagery. She gave her motherly prayer and benediction to help tame the new world when George and Charles Wesley, with commendable zeal but ill advised judgment, sought Georgia, on this side of the Atlantic, in order to carry the gospel to the Indians.

It did not take them long to find out that there were more pagans needing them within the boundaries of England than within the woods of Georgia. But they gave us a measuring line by which to estimate the splendid courage of Susannah Wesley, who found it her highest duty to teach her children to conform to the inevitable mandates of right living and true conduct. By example as by precept she taught that no childish indulgence, no parental love, no devotion to one's own children and their progeny, can be justified or bring a blessing if it goes contrary to the require-

ments of the Eternal,—a chaste and temperate life, a life touched with culture and illumined with service.

The wantonness and the waywardness of the over enriched children of the favored, in this city of ours and in this country of ours, is perhaps, if we have but the vision to see, the most ominous cloud on the horizon of our future. There is no menace from the poor, blind, unwashed and untrained multitude, which pours from the immigrant ships into the United States at the rate of a million a year, commensurate with the idle indulgence and the over activities of the idle rich of our country; those who surround themselves with elegance and luxury to pander to the passions, indulge their prejudices, and foster their appetites in unwarranted, unruly and ungracious ways.

Friends, can we not make a composite picture, a synthesis of these six typical women? Is it not possible in this twentieth century of the Christian era to find a woman that in her own person combines the passion of Rizpah, the courage and fortitude of Boadicea, the love of learning and the devotion to intellect of Hypatia, the devoutness of St. Monica, the zeal, faith and patriotism of Joan of Arc and the matronly love and gentleness of Susannah Wesley? Did I count them all—Rizpah, guarding the bodies of her sons, witnesses to the fundamental element of motherhood which we have inherited from our lower relations on the brute branches of life; Boadicea, evidences that woman, like man, is capable of physical courage, endowed with a possibility of heroic action in the face of wrongs; Hypatia, the woman philosopher, the feminine thinker, the "High brow,"—with all reverence and no contempt for the phrase; St. Monica, that mother who, without the brains of Hypatia, without the freedom of Susannah Wesley, still turned her womanly love from a brutal loyalty to the body that she created into a motherly anxiety for the soul of her son; and then there is Joan of Arc, the mystery, and lastly Susannah Wesley, the modern woman.

Here we have our six fragmentary, fractional elements, which combined into a composite photograph, a spiritual synthesis, give us, do they not, the womanhood that waits for the franchise, and when given the franchise, will bend the knee and bow the head in tearful anxiety and prayerful longing that she may not be found unfit for the great responsibility and unworthy the great trust. This womanhood comes not swiftly on the wings of boisterous cheering; comes not with campaigning and hurrahing, but comes as man-growth suffrage came, by deep study, the open mind, the oftentimes unconscious yearnings and hidden prayers of the soul.

I pray that these studies may not only give us a glimpse of the true woman, but also help us to realize that what is true womanhood is true manhood, and that these sisters in history have a message to their brothers as true and as pertinent as to their mothers, wives and sisters.

Father make us glad we are here, make us feel rich in our inheritance from the past, and brave to face the opportunities of the future, that we may be worthy the host of witnesses that convoy us into power. Amen.

The light house reservations on the great lakes are able to grow all the white cedar needed for spar buoys in their district.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

A Years Work

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

III.
Alexandria and Antioch

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

Text: *"The world he conquered with a sage's eye,*
As with a soldier's spirit."
—William Lyle Bowles.

With such a great character in history as Alexander we must always remember that we are dealing with a very complex subject, and any snap judgment must be untrue to fact. The conquerors of the world have been over-estimated, but still we must recognize that there is in every strong man a big quantity of valuable material. Alexander fell in a humiliating way, but perhaps his greatness stands out in no way more conspicuously than in what we have learned to call the cosmopolitan spirit, of which we might say he was the first exponent. He corrected the vice of patriotism, the bigotry of race and the narrowness of creed and sect. He, in a large way, nearly realized Paul's standard of being "all things to all men." His state policy was largely conceived and at this distance it seems very wise. He conciliated the powers he conquered.

When with the Persians, he dressed as the Persians did; when he visited Memphis he sought the native shrines, which were even then in decay. We might say that there was in this a touch of hypocrisy, but if we may trust the more sympathetic writers, it was a revelation of the spiritual side of his nature which made him respect the affections and perhaps the prejudices of the people. He sought to absorb the powers that he visited, not into the kingdom of Macedonia, or into some Greek extension, but into a great and new thing, one big world empire that would conserve all the sanctities of all the nations.

We should emphasize Alexander's interest in the cultural side of life. He skirted the shore of the Indian Ocean purely for exploration purposes; doing as Darwin did in his five years cruising in South American waters in the interest of science. Specimens gathered under his orders were sent to Aristotle, and probably furnished some of the facts and data which have entered into the alleged fifty volumes on natural history compiled by the latter.

One of the late discoveries in agriculture is that all leguminous plants, beans, peas and clover, and best of all, alfalfa, have a trick of taking necessary elements from the air and depositing the same in the soil. Plants have a way of breeding bacteria on their roots, which take from the air the nitrogen and reorganize it. Alfalfa is of course the wealth of the semi-arid regions of the West. It is making the prosperity

of Arizona and largely Nebraska, and its usefulness is just beginning to be realized in the middle west. From where does alfalfa come? Alfalfa is said to have been originally a Persian plant brought to Greece by Alexander's followers twenty-five hundred years ago. From Greece it went to Spain, from Spain to Mexico and South America and thence into California.

Mahaffy draws a distinction between Hellenic and Hellenistic influence. Hellenic, were the influences that centered in that ragged little corner of the world called Greece, particularly in Athens and Sparta, influences which died when Alexander came into power. Philip had already turned the tide against Greek supremacy. When Macedonia became dominant, its influence became outreaching, Hellenistic. The inspirations of Greece were most realized in non-Greek cities, such as Corinth, and in New Testament times the culture and commercial centers were to be found up and down the shores of the Mediterranean. Paul visited and wrote letters to Ephesus, Phillippi and Corinth, and other centers which were shot through and through with Hellenistic influence.

The background of our studies this year will read from Alexandria in Egypt to Antioch in Syria.

Alexandria was the metropolis of the world, probably the first great cosmopolitan city. It was still a great center in the early Christian centuries, and even in its decline was a power to be reckoned with. At its maximum its population was probably 300,000 free citizens and perhaps more than that number of slaves. It is interesting to note that Alexander entrusted the building of this "city beautiful" at the mouth of the Nile about 330 B. C. to Dinocrates, a Greek or Hellenistic architect, who had just won fame by rebuilding the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was one of the "seven wonders of the world."

A study of the ruins of that wonderful temple shows that it was one of the greatest architectural achievements of the world. It was Dinocrates who suggested that Mount Athos should be carved into a colossal statue of Alexander, which should bear in one hand a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and from the other should pour forth a great mountain stream into the sea below. Mrs. Browning has made beautiful mention of this in "Aurora Leigh."

In writing of the building of Alexandria, Benjamin Ide Wheeler says:

"Alexander, after conceiving his scheme, immediately proceeded to mark out the plan of the city, including the sites for market-place, streets, public buildings, temples of the different deities, each of them being especially assigned, and the circuit of the wall. The basis of the plan was made two main streets crossing each other at right angles, each, so says Strabo, one hundred feet wide, and lined with colonnades. Other streets, running parallel to these, laid out the whole in regular squares, covering a length of about three miles and a width of about one. The excavations and investigations conducted by Mahmud Bey and completed in 1867 found the city plan essentially as Strabo describes it. The two broad central avenues—that running east and west called the Canobus avenue, that north and south the Dromos (Corso)—were found with traces of the splendid colonnades which lined them. In the center of these avenues was found, still in place, a pavement of gray granite blocks forty-six feet wide, which served as the carriage way. In the parallel streets this pavement was only half this width. The private houses were low, flat-roofed and of stone. The circuit of the city proper was found to be a little less than ten miles. For definite knowledge regarding the location and character of the great public buildings we must await the further revelation of the spade."

The thing that interests us most in Alexandria is what is known as the great Alexandrian Library. We would come nearer the fact if we knew it as the Alexandrian University, for this institution in Alexandria realized the synthesis that seems coming, the school, the library, the museum and the lecture hall in one. The professors and teachers were kept at the public expense and at one time it is reported there were fourteen thousand persons in attendance.

When a stranger came to Alexandria with a scroll it was taken possession of by the city. The scroll was copied at the library and the copy given back to the author. Read all you can about the Alexandrian Library and you will find, as I have intimated, that it was a university, a museum and a library rolled into one. Think of the Field Museum at its best, the public library at its largest and the Chicago University at its maximum, combined in one institution, and you have what they had in Alexandria.

We will find later along that what is called the Septuagint, the Greek version of the Old Testament, was made in Alexandria by Greek-Jewish scholars for the benefit of the native Alexandrians who were Jewish by birth but Greek in language. Already Hebrew was a dead or dying language.

Antioch was patterned something after Alexandria and came to be a very beautiful city that charmed all visitors, but never assumed the same commercial ascendency or became so populous or cultured a center as Alexandria.

Antioch was built some twenty miles inland on the banks of the Orontes River, with mountainous surroundings of great beauty. It sprang into existence almost immediately following the death of Alexander (323 B. C.), when the great empire fell to pieces and was divided among his generals into three sections, the Macedonia section in Europe, with its center in Asia Minor; the Egyptian section, with the Ptolemies dominant, and the Syrian section, with Antioch as its capital.

The pathos of these two cities! The present Alexandria is a miserable town, whose fine streets and magnificent buildings are being discovered by the spade. Poor Antioch! Her impoverished people living on a meager commodity, a choice kind of tobacco. What a fall!

What became of these cities? We have a way of thinking that the Almighty wiped them out because of their iniquity. The latest books on these subjects show that the decline of this old time civilization came through causes remedial and removable, if the people had known enough. The story of Alexandria compels us to think of Chicago. Both cities of large material resources, great in art, with abundance of wealth and lots of luxury. Where is the man who in the light of history will declare that Chicago has a permanent lease on life? There is just one element that has come in which may save Chicago, that is, that willy nilly, through the triumphs of science, we are pushed into cosmopolitanism. There is an organized human providence which through modern science may defeat greed, may overrule meanness, and leave the basis for a democracy that is to come. This democracy must be expressed in terms of religion, a religion not *your* kind, not *my* kind, but *our* kind.

Universal religion may be arrived at by a process of cancellation. It is composed of those elements which

all religions hold in common. All religions insist on kindness and declare for justice. All of them insist in one way or another on the humble spirit and the devout heart. All of them teach gratitude, the principles of the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount and the Parables of the Master.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Review Alexander's life.
(2) What was his ultimate aim?
(3) Give evidences of his interest in science.
(4) Why is the ancient city of Alexandria of interest today?
(5) What did the Alexandrian museum and library do for the world?
(6) When and by whom was Antioch founded?
(7) If Chicago is spared the fate of these cities, what are the elements that can save her?

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

It was known to the world, there was no keeping it secret, that Gerrit Smith's charities were wide-extended and numberless. Few of them, however, perpetuated his name. Indeed, but a single instance occurs to the writer in which a gift from his hands ministered to his fame. The public library at Oswego, to which he gave $30,000, is spoken of as "Founded by Gerrit Smith." In the last year of his life he gave to his alma mater, Hamilton College, $10,000; and in the letter to President Brown covering the gift, he writes: "Drop it, as quietly as may be, into the treasury." It was thus unobtrusively that the great-hearted man bestowed his favors.

Specific fields for his greater bounties were the Colonization Society, the Anti-slavery Society, the long campaigns for a free state in Kansas territory, the redemption of slaves by purchase, defense of persons arrested for engaging in the hazardous business of assisting runaway slaves to escape, to various colleges, to the American Missionary Association for negro education in the South, to the temperance cause, to the movement for woman's rights, contributions towards the support of the Federal government during the Civil War, for the enlisting of negro troops, for the freedmen, for the cause of a free Cuba, to aid Mazzini in his republican projects in Italy, and so on. Any great calamity always brought from the philanthropist a generous contribution; as in the case of the ravaging of Kansas and Nebraska by grasshoppers, when he sent a thousand dollars, with a letter that makes interesting reading. We give his letter.

Peterboro, N. Y., August 31, 1874.

Hon. Thomas A. Osborn, Governor of Kansas.

Dear Sir:—I have read in the New York *Times* your letter respecting the grasshopper calamity.

Let me say, whilst I admire the honorable self-reliance which refuses to ask aid for Kansas from abroad, there are special reasons why I should love her and covet the privilege of doing something toward alleviating her present distress.

First—I worked hard in Congress to save Kansas from the curse of slavery.

Second—I afterwards contributed sixteen thousand dollars to the various funds for fighting off from her that matchless curse.

Third—In saving herself from slavery Kansas saved the nation from it. Had the slave power triumphed in Kansas, the way for slavery into the free states would thereby have been opened. A great saviour therefore is dear Kansas.

Fourth—John Brown, who did more to save Kansas for freedom, and thereby to save the nation to freedom, was my warmly cherished friend.

Now, I trust, in the light of these facts, you will not refuse to accept the enclosed draft for one thousand dollars, made to yourself and the Governor of Nebraska, and to accept it with the understanding that one-half thereof shall go to those in Kansas made destitute by the great calamity, and the other half thereof to those in Nebraska made destitute by it.

With great regards. Yours, GERRIT SMITH.

One of Mr. Smith's favorite projects, to which he had given thought for years, that of the establishment of a great seat of higher learning, free from all sectarian, racial and sex distinctions, had finally to be abandoned, owing to the inroads into his fortune made by incessant bounties, small and great. He writes concerning this, to his friend, Rev. Samuel J. May, under date of December 22, 1856: "My efforts to save Kansas to freedom have exhausted my current means, and put to rest for the present, my plans for a school. I cannot say when they will be revived. The calls upon me are various and urgent."

The plans were revived and very seriously considered, but the time never came when the money could be spared. That which he was unable to accomplish, however, was successfully achieved through the combined efforts of his friend, Andrew D. White, and Ezra Cornell, in the establishment of Cornell University.

These extracts from letters to Mr. May, who was in many cases Mr. Smith's almoner in the dispensing of charities, give graphic accounts of the extent to which he was not seldom reduced financially by his benevolent outlays.

Peterboro, May 19, 1858.

S. J. May.

Dear Brother:—I have another letter from Miss ..... The dear old lady is much to be pitied, for she is in the straits of poverty. I have sent her $25 today.

By the way, will you *swap* circumstances with me? How would you like to have your benevolence put under claims, not one in one hundred of which you would have the ability to meet? I sometimes feel like running away. To turn away so much distress all unrelieved, as I have to turn away is a trial too great to bear.

The other letter from which we quote is written from Peterboro, April 9, 1861, and is as follows:

My Dear Friend:—This evening's mail brings your letter, enclosing Mr. ——'s. I remember well his brave and generous part in the Jerry Rescue and I am sad to learn that he is reduced to utter poverty. It pains me to disappoint his hopes of a loan from me. But I must not lend to any one, for I am myself a borrower. I borrow to give away, but I must not borrow to lend.

I wish I could consistently make Mr. —— a present of fifty dollars. But I could not. So innumerable are the applications for my help that I have to disappoint nine-tenths, nay, nearly ninety-nine hundredths of them. Enclosed is my draft for $20 for him. Perhaps others will add to it.

You will think it strange, but I am sometimes reduced to $10; yes, to $5. (*To be continued.*)

Relative Value of Character and Capacity

"The impression produced by character is after all more permanent than that produced by capacity. It passes into other lives and is fruitful as an influence long after the results of capacity have perished in the using."—*Selected.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE ITALIANS IN CHICAGO

At the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, on Monday evening, February 16, Mr. B. P. Barasa gave an address on the Italians in Chicago before the class in Immigration. Mr. Barasa was born in Marquette, Michigan, his father having come to this country as a poor laborer, about fifty years ago. He is now a lawyer in Chicago, and a loyal American citizen. Mr. Barasa began his address by saying that he would confine his subject to the southern Italians, namely, the Sicilians, the Calabrians and the Neopolitans. People from these sections come to the United States to make money to send back home. They leave Italy because they are under the domination of those who own the land, and the rents are, for many, prohibitive. Many have to borrow passage money from the money-lenders, who are often connected with the steamship companies. About twenty years ago the Italians who sent money home would eventually follow. Now they remain here, and are buying land all over the United States.

There are three million Italians in this country. Of the immigrants who first came over a large proportion became peddlers, but more and more the Greeks have monopolized peddling, and the Italians have gone on to better things, the majority taking up the fruit business. The Californians have imported many Sicilians, who are famous as lemon growers. The Neapolitans and Calabrians may be found farming in all the New England states and largely in Massachusetts. Very few go to mining districts. They leave this industry to the northern Italians, who are able miners. The southerners like better the large cities, where they now have an increasing control of the construction of buildings and other lines of municipal improvements.

In Chicago there are nearly one hundred and twenty-five thousand Italians. The southern Italians are faithful friends and loyal to their own countrymen and stick closely together in the city, forming districts of their own and speaking their own language. In Chicago Heights and in Englewood the majority of them own homes. The seventeenth and nineteenth wards, and the district on the north side known as "Little Italy," are densely populated with Italians. Their housing conditions are poor on account of over-crowding. The fault lies partly with the building inspectors and partly with the owners of the houses. It is not due to over-thrift. Whenever an Italian has money he buys a building and appoints it with modern conveniences. Many take mortgages in order to do this.

In the politics of the city of Chicago, their only representation is in street sweeping. This is because so few of them ever become naturalized. They are disgusted with the way political bosses deliver votes. Many live here fifteen or twenty years without taking out papers, thus hindering the progress of their people in the city. In the professions the Italians are advancing rapidly. Chicago at the present time has fifty doctors and fifteen lawyers, and these numbers are increasing continually.

As a rule the Italians take advantage of every educational and social opportunity offered them. The fathers, remembering their own suffering on account of lack of education, do everything within their power to send their children to school, with the result that today we have three thousand Italian children in our public schools. Numerous representatives, old and young, find their way to Chicago Commons and to Hull House, where much is done to help them.

The Italians, as well as the other foreigners in this city, have the second generation problem to face. The children, who become Americanized and learn to speak English more quickly than their parents, acquire a tendency to break away from parental control and it is they who give the trouble and who sometimes become criminals. In Chicago during the last year there were more robberies among Italian boys than in the previous ten years. They begin by congregating on the street corners, where they meet boys of other nations, and always a number are led to become habitual loafers and worse. The proportion of such boys, however, is not so great among the Italians as among some other nationalities.

The so-called "black-hand" noise about the southern Italians is a serious injustice. They have been accused, time and again, of crimes with which they had nothing to do. If there is a robbery or murder in one of the Italian neighborhoods, any number of men are arrested as suspects. In one case of murder last winter, ninety-two were picked up, locked in jail and fined two dollars costs each. It is no wonder that the ignorant foreigner has little or no respect for the law when he is treated like this. If the officers took the interest they should take, and were on their beats, they could probably locate the real "black-handers," who in fact are very few in number.

In Italy there is kept a complete record of the status of all citizens, and it includes crimes, insanity, and, in short, everything of importance to the community. Mr. Barasa suggested that the nations should form treaties for the purpose of keeping out of their respective countries those with criminal records. Many who have served terms of imprisonment in the penitentiaries of the old country learn how to get through the ports, come to the United States, and instead of reforming, stir up their peace-

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ful friends to lawlessness. If the Burnett Bill had a moral and physical, rather than an educational test, more would be accomplished for the benefit of this country. Our "black-handers" come from the educated loafers. In Chicago today we could trace the source of the black-hand letters to about six men. These leters are written by men of brains, in the best Italian, and are either type-written or in beautiful hand-writing. They are seldom in dialects. It would be impossible for working men to write such letters, as they are often not even able to write their own names.

If the Burnett Bill goes through, it will be a calamity for this country, Mr. Barasa believes that in time such legislation will react, and do more harm than any other immigration measure ever put on the books. Some day the children of the foreigners who are here now will have control in this country, and this day will come within the next twenty-five years. The bill, instead of allowing good strong workers to come in, will keep them out. It will result in scarcity of labor. Many lines of industry will suffer and most of all our mines and our railroads.

Much interesting discussion followed the address. Mr. Barasa has so few of the so-called racial characteristics left that he might pass anywhere as an American. This fact gave rise, at the close of the meeting, to a discussion by Mr. Jones and Mr. De Porzia, Mr. Barasa's secretary, on the similarity of human nature the world over. Mr. Jones said that Mr. Barasa in his own personality proved his theory that there is no strong line of demarkation between races, that environment counts for more than heredity, and that races should be distinguished by language alone, not, as is almost universally assumed, by race elements either physical, nervous or temperamental. Mr. De Porzia then spoke of America as the outcome of different nationalities. He believes that we have nothing to fear from the Irish, as numbers do not count; that the Italians are not better or worse than others, but that eventually all the varied race elements will become unified.

EDITH LOBDELL.

The appointment of Rev. Henry Wilder Foote as assistant professor in the Harvard Divinity School and secretary of the Faculty is a welcome and reassuring piece of news to all friends of the school. He will take charge of the courses lately surrendered by Prof. Peabody, in Homiletics and Parish Adinistration, and he will co-operate in administrative duties, thus relieving Dean Fenn from many burdensome details. Mr. Foote is admirably equipped by training and experience for the task of affiliating the academic studies of the University with the practical life of the ministry. He has proved his excellence, first as a successful parish minister and then as an admirable administrative officer; and his sympathies and knowlelge will re-enforce at precisely the right point the work of the school. Erudition and efficiency, to use Dean Fenn's phrase, will now be happily balanced and mutually serviceable, and the instruction of the school will concern itself more than ever with the new problems and needs of the religious world.—*Christian Register.*

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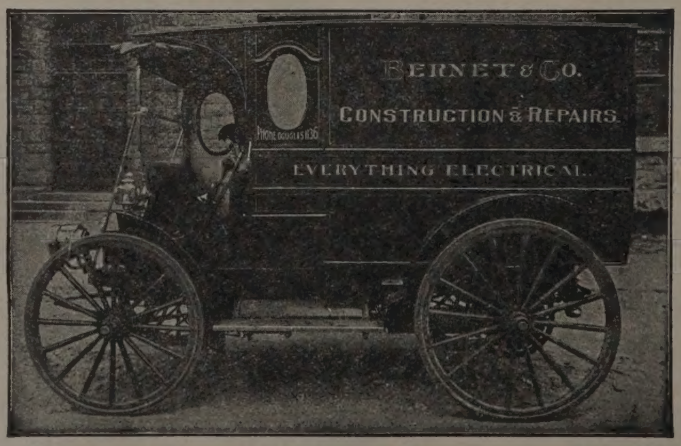

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